# I Believe

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# I Believe

by Ghostwriter98

Summary

Having a ghost for a husband definitely has its perks what with the scaring the crap out of your enemies and having a spouse with an infinitely youthful appearance. Unfortunately, everyone thinking you're insane is not one of those perks. Ah well, at least the children in the park believe Will and if there is one thing that he has learnt over the expanse of his life, it's the power of believing.

Notes

Hey guys, this is the long over due epilogue to the Haunted series. I know it's not a sequel but I honestly couldn't think of a plot for another long fic. This was meant to just be a cute little snap shot into Hannibal and Will's lives in the future but turned into a mini story instead with characters that weren't in The Very Bad Day. Hope you guys like it.
Wally's around ten in here. Not sure how old he is in the series.

Special thanks to all those who requested more ghost Hannibal and Will. I honestly drafted this end piece so many times, changing and switching out characters and shifting the plot around. If it wasn't for you, I would have given up long ago!

See the end of the work for more notes

*....Thirteen years later....*

Will breathed in the fresh air of the park, listening to the high laughter of children and the rustle of leaves in the wind. He closed his eyes and remembered his own youth. Being young and hiding in closets and behind doors, anything to evade being put to bed by ghostly Hannibal because it was still *so early*. Oh, how warm and safe he had felt curled up under mounds of blankets as he listened to that accentuated voice tell tales of dragons and knights. Then the dark years had come, the years without Hannibal. The only time in Will's life where he had felt completely and utterly alone.

“Our ten-year wedding anniversary is swiftly approaching,” Hannibal broached as he shifted closer to Will on the park bench. The man felt himself being brought back to the present with the movement.

He clutched onto Hannibal's hand that tenderly rested on his knee, needing to feel its warm and heavy existence underneath his palm. Frightened, even after all this time, that the ghost would disappear once more and leave him half alive. He forced himself to push back against the harsh memories of the past, to instead focus on more pleasant times like their wedding day. Ah yes, how could Will forget one of the best days of his life.

The marriage ceremony itself had been a strange affair given the fact that the priest couldn’t exactly *see* Hannibal. That still hadn’t stopped the ghost from scaring him shitless as bibles and other religious instruments started flying aimlessly around, forcing the religious man to clutch at his cross in protection and anxiously pray. The "till death do us part" section was pretty ironic too. Will had actually cracked up pretty hard at that particular phrasing. The priest was most displeased at Will's reaction but that disapproval had quickly morphed into open terror when he had made the foolish mistake of voicing said thoughts and the previously randomly thrown sacred items suddenly had a set target. Now that Will ponders over it, the priest was quite a lucky man to still be currently alive and in good health. His most favourite part of the entire ceremony though had to be Mason and Freddie’s stony faces as they were forced to stand (or in Mason’s case, sit) witness of the union.

“Will.”

“Huh?” Will blinked, confused and disorientated.

“Where are you currently in that fascinating mind of yours, mylimasis?”

Will's cheeks reddened. They had been officially together for thirteen years now, ten of which they had spent gloriously married, and the ghost still had the ability to make him blush like a shy teenager. “I’m just reminiscing about our wedding day.”

“Ah,” Hannibal hummed in understanding. “I would say that was the best day of my life but that would be a lie.”

“Oh?”

“The single, most profoundly significant day of my life was the day you believed in me again. When you saw me for the first time in nine years.” Hannibal’s eyes glazed over at the memory. “Nothing will ever compare to the overwhelming joy I felt that day.”

Will felt himself getting teary eyed.

“Damn it, Hannibal!” The man sniffled, attempting to subtly wipe at his eyes. “You know I hate getting emotional in public. I swear you do this to me on purpose.”

Hannibal placed a comforting hand onto his husband’s shoulder and pulled him closer. Will instantly buried his face into the material of his suit, inhaling the familiar, calming scent of his ghost.

“Oh, Will,” Hannibal whispered adoringly into the curly hair that tickled his nose. “How I love you so.”

“Shut up!” Will demanded, voice muffled considerably by Hannibal’s clothes. “You’re going to turn me into a sobbing mess again.”

Hannibal waited patiently for Will to calm down before cautiously enquiring, “Is there anything you desire for the special occasion? You may think a week is too short notice to procure a present but I can be quite resourceful when need be.”

Will instantly perked up.

“I can think of many things I’d like...” Will admitted with a twinkle in his eye, gesturing for Hannibal to lean closer so he could whisper into his ear.

The ghost gasped, openly scandalized at what he was hearing. He quickly scanned around the park for nearby eavesdroppers. “You must be careful, Will. There are children nearby with very delicate and impressionable minds.”

“Pft.” Will waved him off. “You care too much about what other people think. You’re literally one of the most self-conscious people I know and you’re invisible to most of the human race. Do you not see how ridiculous that is?”

“I am not *self-conscious*,” Hannibal corrected primly. “I am merely a firm believer that one should behave in a descent manner in public.”

“You’re no fun!” Will complained with a whine.

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Nearby, two women named Kate and Molly were engaged in an intense conversation on a picnic blanket while their children played on the grass besides them.

“There he is *again,”* Kate whispered lowly to her friend, peeking at the strange man out of the corner of her eye. “He’s always sitting there, talking to himself all day.”

“Do you think there's something wrong with him?” Molly replied worriedly. “Maybe we should call someone? He might be dangerous to the kids.”

“Oh, that reminds me!” Kate clapped her hands over her mouth in remembrance of her juicy gossip. “I heard that he saw a counsellor at his high school. The sessions only ended when the poor man was burned alive!”

“Oh my! Do you think he did it?”

“I don’t know. Does he look like a killer to you?”

They both stared in silent contemplation of the man when suddenly his head jerked in their direction. Both women squealed and clutched onto one another in open terror.

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“Hannibal,” Will warned, gaze flickering back to his husband. He was forced to stand up and physically restrain his furious partner as he attempted to storm after the two annoying women.

“You cannot comprehend how awfully those insolent women are speaking of you.” Hannibal’s jaw was clenched tightly, rage emitting from his every pore. *Believing that Will murdered a person as insufferable as Chilton is one thing easily forgiven but claiming that Will is a danger to children is inexcusable.*

“I think I have a pretty good idea,” Will retorted dryly.

“If they are so eager to engage in petty gossip than perhaps I should demonstrate how wrong their accusations of you are. Maybe then they will utter the truth to others for a change.”

“Hannibal,” Will spoke sternly. “Calm down, please.”

The ghost forced himself to slowly relax. It was a very difficult feat that took ten painstaking minutes. His glare did not abate from the women. One was currently undergoing a panic attack. They were right to be afraid. They were just directing their fear at the wrong person.

“What did I tell you about overusing your ghost senses?” Will shook his head to himself as he soothingly rubbed his husband’s back. “Why do you do this to yourself?”

“When I hear people, who are inferior to us in every way, poison your name so….” The ghost broke off, hanging his head in shame. “I apologize. I have ruined the remainder of our evening.”

“No, everyone in this park is currently alive. I think that constitutes a fairly good day.”

Hannibal couldn't help but chuckle at that.

“Hey, look out!” a child suddenly screamed.

The ghost's hand lashed out at an inhuman speed, catching the ball that was flying towards them with ease. He scowled in the general direction of the careless youth.

"Oh my God!" the same child gasped, staring at the ball suspended in midair. It quickly dropped to the grass.

He rubbed his eyes, blinking furiously as though he believed he was daydreaming. The boy, named Wally, was a pale child with lanky arms and a nose splattered with freckles.

Wally looked around for witnesses and found Will. "Did you see that?!"

"Sure did," Will admitted. He had no reason to lie.

Wally called out to his three friends. "Did you guys *see* that?!"

They murmured in disbelief, gravitating towards the spot where the strange phenomena had occurred.

"How did you do that?" Wally asked. "Do you have superpowers?"

"No." Will laughed at the very thought. "My husband's the gifted one."

"Your husband? Is that the person you're always talking too?" Wally's brown eyes considerably widened. "My mum says your just crazy but I told her she was wrong."

"That's very kind of you," Will said warmly.

"What else can he do?!"

"He can do many, many things. He can move objects, hear from very far distances and be invisible."

"Invisible! That's so cool!" Wally's voice was filled with awe as he tried to push Will out of the way. "Can you move? I want to see him."

"You can't see Hannibal. Only I can."

There was a collective groan of disappointment.

A stick propped itself up and started digging itself into the dirt, slowly spelling out letters.

**Hello. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance.**

*Show off,* Will thought fondly.

The children all cheered up, ahhing with amazement but were otherwise too nervous to reply.

Finally, Wally had the confidence to say, "Hi."

**You have lovely shoes.**

Wally glanced down at his feet in confusion. His mother had insisted on the church shoes. They were very uncomfortable and smelt of shoe polish.

“Er, thanks.” His eyes brightened as an idea came to mind and he jumped up and down excitedly. “Hey, can you pick me up? Since your invisible and all it will look like I’m flying!”

Will opened his mouth to say no because that was a terrible idea but Hannibal bet him to it with his stick.

**Of course.**

Wally cheered as Hannibal launched him into the air and it was all good fun.

Then the screaming began.

“Oh my God!” Kate jumped to her feet. “Holy shit!”

“What?” Molly squinted in the direction she was looking in and froze. Her son was currently floating around six feet off the ground in *midair* while all the other children remained unreasonably calm.

They both rushed over, stumbling and tripping in their haste. Molly made a grab for her son but he danced just out of her reach.

“Wally!” she wailed, rushing around as her son was jerked left then right. “Wally, darling. It’s okay. Don’t be scared. I’m coming to rescue you!”

Wally was laughing with glee. He didn’t look like he needed rescuing. Kate’s livid eyes latched onto Will.

“This is all your fault!” she accused hotly.

Will raised his hands in a peaceful gesture. “What is?”

Kate’s mouth dropped open in rage.

“You *know* what.” She pointed at the squawking mother chasing her son around while he cackled. “That floating child.”

“He’s perfectly safe. My husband is taking good care of him.”

“Your *husband,”* she spoke disbelievingly, whipping her head back toward the boy but seeing no other man in sight.

“You know, the person I talk to all day long on this bench,” Will drawled with a bright smile as he gestured to his favourite spot to sit. “Guess this proves I’m not insane, right?”

Her mouth trembled. “Is that what this is about? I’m sorry, alright! Just give him back! Please!”

“Hannibal!” Will ordered. “That’s enough!”

Wally was gently lowered to the ground, still radiating happiness. Molly quickly grabbed him, scanning him over for injuries and crying with relief when she found none. She then grabbed her son’s hand, dragging him both off despite his protests.

Kate pursed her lips, pointing a hard finger into Will's chest. “This doesn’t prove anything.”

“Bye, Hannibal!” Wally shouted as he turned around to wave at nothing. Will raised an eyebrow smugly.

Kate stamped her foot in outrage and collected her children too. One last nervous look told the man everything he needed to know. *She might not want to believe in ghosts but that doesn’t change the fact that she does.*

Soon it was just the two of them again.

“I hope you had fun,” Will sat down with a sigh, “because now I’m no longer going to be that crazy man who talks to himself at the park. Now, I’m going to be that crazy man who uses Black Magic to scare little children.”

“Do not worry," Hannibal soothed as he joined his husband. "She will not be spreading any lies about today.”

“Hannibal,” Will groaned loudly. “What did you do?”

“Nothing.”

*“Hannibal!”* Will cried out because that meant it was going to be bad.

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Molly and Kate ran to their cars. Their hands trembled as they struggled to unlock the doors and usher their children inside. They both stopped when they noticed something fluttering on Molly's windscreen. It was a note. Molly pulled it off and read it aloud shakily:

> The truth at times can be hard to swallow. However, if you continue spreading lies you will no longer have the luxury of swallowing or breathing at all for that matter. Which shall it be, petty gossip or a fulfilling life with your dearly beloved child? I am sure you will come to the right decision….
>
> Sincerely, Hannibal Lecter (Will’s furious and very much dead husband).
>
> P.S. Wally is lovely and exceptionally well brought up. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said about you.

“Hannibal, Hannibal!” Wally was cheering loudly, his friends joining in when they heard the familiar name.

Molly swallowed thickly. “There is no way that man could have left the park and reached our car before us. Let alone write a carefully penned letter in cursive.”

“Okay, so there might be some truth to what he said.”

Molly's hands shook as she clenched the paper. “I think we just upset a ghost, a *violent* ghost.”

Kate looked heavenwards. “Lord save us.”

Wally tugged on his mother’s hand.

“Not now, darling,” Molly shushed him. “Mum’s busy with a problem.”

Wally frowned. “But I know what I want for my birthday now!”

“Okay,” Molly relented, bending down to her knees so she was eye level with her child. “What does my boy want?”

“I want an invisible friend just like Hannibal!”

Molly fainted into a crumpled heap at the very thought.

Hannibal, from the other end of the park, smiled.

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“Why do you look so pleased?” Will asked suspiciously.

“Wally merely requested his mother find him a ghost for his birthday. I was wondering if I should fulfill the request?”

“Nope.” Will shook his head, wrapping his arms around Hannibal. “She’s going to have to find another ghost. This one’s all mine.”

“All yours,” Hannibal agreed.

“For the rest of my life.”

“For the rest of this life and the afterlife,” Hannibal corrected with a twinkle in those maroon eyes.

Will pulled back, staring at Hannibal with mirth. “One lifetime is not enough? You’re not getting greedy, are you, Hannibal?”

“When it comes to you, no amount of time will ever suffice. I will never be satisfied.”

Will's lips quirked. "You say that now but when I cark it, I'm going to start looking for the ghosts of my past dogs. We're looking at a good thirty dead animals here and of course I couldn't leave my remaining pack behind. Our house is going to become a damn dog park. Still plan on sticking around?"

"For you?" Hannibal kissed his hand. "Always."

"Think of all that noise," Will taunted. "All the licking and dog hair."

"Will?"

The man sighed heavily, certain that Hannibal was changing the subject. "Yes."

"I love you."

Will suppressed a smile, instead feigning disinterest. "I know."

"No number of canines will ever change that."

"That's quality husband material right there," Will complimented approvingly. "How did I get so lucky?"

"You saw me and you were not afraid."

"Yeah," Will's eyes softened as he remembered, "that's because you were beautiful."

No more words were exchanged. They weren't needed. The two husbands turned to look at the setting sun, holding their hands on the bench between them. The remaining light reflected off their matching wedding rings. If one looked close enough, they would be able to make out the two simple but very important words etched into the bands:

*I believe.*

A gentle reminder for Will so that whenever the voices of other skeptical people like Molly and Kate became too loud, all he had to do was look at his ring, remember the last thirteen years of his life and smile.

End Notes

So, I really wanted to explore the implications of having a ghost husband (both good and bad). I hope that came across.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!